Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you goe.

Hot. So far a foot, I shall be weary, love.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for since you love me not,
I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman and for secrecy,
Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:
To day will I set forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force. *Exeu*

Enter Prince, and Poynes.

Pri. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst
foure-score Hogs-heads. I have sounded the very base
Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Dra
can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*,
Francis; they take it already upon their salvation, tha
I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*,
me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *C*
a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call
when I am King of *England*, I shall command all
Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying S
when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and
play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in
ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in
Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou
much honor, that thou wert not with me in this act
sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give
penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand b
derskinker, one that never spake other *English* in his
8 shillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with th
addition, *Anon anon sir, Skore a pint of Bastard in the h*
or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falstaffe* come,
doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question
Drawer to what end he have n e the Sugar, and d
leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be noth
Anon: step aside, and i'le shew thee a present.

Poines. Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect. *Poines.*

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down into the pomegra